

# Students' Pen



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## From the EDITOR'S DESK

### Christmas Giving

By Richard Moeller, '53

CHRISTMAS comes again, uniting its spirit with the hearts of men, that they may feel a sense of true happiness and rejoicing.

Our Yule tide is almost certain to be a merry one. We look forward to singing, with our family and friends, the beautiful carols, to attending church, and to exchanging gifts. On this Christmas many of our wishes will be answered.

There will be many, however, who will remember this Christmas with sadness. This will be true for the soldiers in Korea and their loved ones at home; it will be true for all the unfortunate, the homeless and the neglected. The Christmas spirit may reach them, but without assistance on our part, it will never be given a chance to blossom into joy.

Giving to these hapless persons will light the candle of hope within them. It will revive their desire to start out anew. It will give them confidence and courage to carry on, no matter how hard their struggle is.

Material gifts alone can never bring complete happiness, however. There must be some personal effort on the part of the giver. A visit to the bedside of a shut-in or a cheery greeting to a stranger during the Yule tide is sure to be received with a feeling of gratitude and joy. There is a satisfaction which accompanies such giving that cannot be equaled. This is the true spirit which should be present during the holytide.

By personal sacrifice we will make our Christmas and the Christmas of others more joyful, as we remember that he "who gives himself with his gift, feeds three, himself, the hungry beggar, and Me."

Let us, therefore, give our gifts and ourselves for more universal happiness on Christmas. Let us live the inspiring message of Christmas, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The editor sends best wishes to the staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN and to the students and faculty members of P.H.S. for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



## Dominic

By Katharine Maguire, '54

SNOW flurries fell from the bleak, grey sky of late afternoon. The shops were filled with gay Christmas merchandise. Only an occasional horse and carriage passed in this less-frequented section of the city. The wind howled and whistled about street corners and into deserted alleys. A thin, poorly-clad boy of twelve was seen lingering near the doorway of a baker's shop from which the aroma of fresh-baked bread emanated in pleasant wafts.

Minutes later, the angry shouts of the baker disturbed the Christmas Eve serenity. The boy was swiftly running down the street with a white loaf under his arm and the stout baker in pursuit. The boy soon outran his pursuer and turned sharply into an alley. There, a shrill whistle brought three other boys running. One was a tall boy with long, straight hair, the second a merry, dark-eyed lad, and the third smaller and much more delicate than the others.

Dominic, the thief, seemed to be the leader of this little band of homeless boys who gathered silently about him and watched as he divided the loaf among them, giving little Michael, weak from his long, previous sickness, a slightly larger portion than the others. Then each took his share and ravenously devoured it.

They were cold; they were hungry. They lacked love and understanding in addition to material needs. Yet each stoutly kept his complaints to himself. They were also free to come and go as they pleased. Sometimes they worked in the factories or at selling newspapers, sometimes they played, sometimes they stole, sometimes they ate, sometimes they went hungry. They always banded together. They slept in bare attics and sheds, never knowing where they were to make their next night's bed. They knew the city well, as they were always in the streets.

While the boys were eating their bread, the baker was going about the business of closing up his shop. He had baked some good bread and pastries for his own and his wife's use on the morrow. In his living quarters in back of the shop a good supper awaited him. He bolted the door and drew the curtains. He turned down the lamps. He left one candle burning atop a small Christmas tree displayed in his window. Then he went in to his supper.

Darkness softly enveloped the city. As it grew later, the number of lights in the homes were diminished one by one as the people went to bed. A small group of boys wandered through the streets. Suddenly, one of them cried aloud in alarm and grasped the arm of one of his companions. It was Dominic who saw the threatening, black clouds of smoke issuing from the front of a small bakery shop. When the boys drew nearer, they could see the orange flames which were crackling wildly. The baker and his wife slept peacefully within.

The boys sprang into action. Dominic was everywhere. He roused the neighborhood men, who came running with pails of water to squelch the blaze. He discovered some rear entrance to the building and awakened the sleeping occupants. In the midst of all the activity and confusion, Dominic was shouting orders which everyone obeyed, more from lack of contradiction than from any acknowledgment of his authority. Before long, the fire had been extinguished, leaving a blackened hole in the front of the shop. The greater part of the building had been saved.

The baker's wife, who had been looking on rather helplessly all the while, had been greatly moved by Dominic's energetic efforts to save the lives and property of strangers. She and her husband were childless, and she pitied these boys for their miserable appear-

ance. She wished that she could repay Dominic, and she asked if she might speak with him.

Dominic, in spite of his habitual boldness, grew strangely shy at this unusual request. With a sudden impulse, he thrust little Michael ahead of him and disappeared into the street.

The following morning, church bells rang out the old, familiar carols. The joyous people made their way to church. A small boy happily ate his warm breakfast with a baker and his wife. Dominic and his two companions were freely roaming the streets again—penniless but independent.

## Christmas Traditions

By Kathleen McMahon, '54

CHRISTMAS is a time when many age-old customs are observed. Giftgiving, mistletoe, the Yule logs, and pine trees have become traditional features of the season.

One of the most pleasant of customs is the mistletoe. According to popular practice the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bough. When the berries are all gone, the privilege ceases. This custom has a very unusual origin. Mistletoe was of great significance to the Druids, the priests of ancient England. They believed it to be a safeguard against poison and the anger of the gods. These white-robed priests would cut the mistletoe boughs with golden sickles and carefully drop them into white cloths. Then, each villager having received a portion, the boughs would be hung outside the huts as a charm against various evils.

The Yule log, too, has religious associations. About December twenty-fifth the ancient Norsemen used to build huge bonfires in honor of the great god Thor. It is supposed to have been a magical rite intended to encourage the sun in that time of his annual journey when he was obviously feeling very "low". In England, some parts of Germany, France, and other countries, the Yule log was cut with care, dragged home, and carried into the green festooned hall with much celebration and rejoicing. Another practise was that of saving a half-burned piece with which the log might be lit the following year. This, it seems, was a symbol of the undying vigor of the sun.

Its ashes were thought to have magical powers and were often saved as a charm or useful medicine. French peasants believed that if the ashes were kept under the bed, the house would be well protected against thunder and lightning. Why, these ashes were even supposed to keep bugs away!

The Christmas tree, one of our most beloved customs, is a century old German tradition. It was first introduced into England by Prince Albert at about the middle of the last century to amuse the young princes and princesses at Windsor.

Christmas carols are as old as the great holiday itself. The first carols were heard on the night that Jesus was born. Many which we sing today are hundreds of years old, but their freshness and charm seem to grow with the centuries.

The giving of gifts was originally a pagan custom, as were many other Christmas customs. The ancient Romans celebrated the great festival of the Saturnalia, in honor of the god Saturn, from December nineteenth to the twenty-fourth with much merry-making and joviality. All work was suspended; the halls were decked with evergreens and laurels and presents were given to everyone. Without a doubt the tradition of gift giving may be traced to the Roman Saturnalia, which was celebrated even after the advent of Christianity.

Christmas, is, however essentially a Christian holiday. Its warmth and spirit seem to have increased over the years.



## Milly's Christmas Present

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

"MOMMIE," begged five-year Milly, for the twentieth time, "Please buy me some paints for Christmas."

Several days ago, when Milly had first started pleading for paints for Christmas, her mother had thought that perhaps it was a good idea. But on thinking it over and visualizing the way clothes, walls, and Milly would be decorated, she had quickly changed her mind. She remembered Milly's first experience with crayons all too well. And crayons did not require water. No, Milly was not going to find any paints under the Christmas tree this year.

She turned to Milly and said in a firm voice, "I am *not* going to buy you any paints for Christmas."

Milly returned to her doll, but not for long. In no time at all she was back pestering her mother for paints for Christmas.

"Look, Milly," said her mother, in a fit of exasperation, "don't bother me and I'll take you to see Santa Claus."

"Oh, goodie!" shouted Milly. "Are we going to the North Pole?"

"No, dear," replied her mother wearily. "Santa Claus came down from the North Pole to the store just to see you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Snow was falling as Milly and her mother plowed their way through the throng of holiday shoppers. Finally they arrived in front of a department store which advertised, in large letters, that Santa was at present residing within. Molly eagerly pulled her mother down the stairs where her mother acquired, for the "nominal" sum of fifty cents, a ticket which entitled Milly to a gift from Santa Claus.

After having been pushed and shoved in the crowd, poked in the ribs with Christmas parcels, and had her toes stepped on for half an hour, all the while answering Milly's end-

less questions, she realized it was finally her little daughter's turn to see Santa Claus. Milly had barely had time to say hello, hand him the ticket, and receive a package wrapped in blue paper with a pink bow, before the interview was over.

Milly, full of enthusiasm and excitement, tore open the wrappings of the package. "Oh, look, Mommy!" she cried, proudly shoving a gaily painted box in front of her mother. "Santa Claus gave me just what I wanted!"

In horror her mother saw, printed on the box in bold letters, the caption:

"Finger Paints"

## A VISIT FROM JACK FROST

By Marilyn Case, '53

I saw Jack Frost around last night,  
In his suit of snowy white,  
Skipping lightly as he came  
Down the starlit meadow lane.

The moon was bright so I could see  
Him laughing gaily in his glee.  
And with his brush and palette tight  
I saw Jack Frost around last night.

Suddenly, I saw him spy  
Our maple tree, so proud and high,  
Without a warning, just a jerk,  
He grabbed his brush and went to work.

A touch of yellow, gold, and red  
On each leaf hanging overhead,  
Until the tree, in colors bright  
Made Jack Frost laugh in his delight.

He jumped upon our window sill  
And painted with his ornate skill,  
Until upon our window pane  
Castles high were seen again  
Then just as quickly as he came  
He vanished down the meadow lane.

## Christmas Memories

By Carolyn Gilbert, '53

NOVEMBER twenty-third seems to be the day the merchants have chosen for the beginning of the Christmas season. From that day until December twenty-fifth their store windows are trimmed with gleaming ornaments and holly wreaths. But to me, when I was a child, the Christmas Season began, officially, the day I came home from school to find Mother making her fruit cake. To open the door and smell the delicious aroma of spices and candied fruit was a treat never to be forgotten.

Mother always bought candied fruit in bulk. There were huge mounds of red cherries, sweet pineapple, green citron, orange and lemon peel, dates, and raisins. Making the fruit cake became a sort of ritual. With Grandmother's old recipe at her side, Mother would skillfully combine the fruit with lots of eggs, butter, sugar, spices, and various other ingredients. When the batter was exactly the right consistency, it was placed in a large cake tin and put into the oven. For three and a half hours a tempting odor filled the house. Finally the cake reached a certain shade of golden brown, and Mother would know it was done. When the cake had cooled, she would pour wine over the top and wrap it carefully in a clean cloth.

Every day after that there would be further evidence of the approaching holiday. Some times, after coming home from school, I would find mysterious looking parcels on the hall table, or bits of gay wrapping paper on the floor. Another day there would be boxes of ornaments and decorations which someone had brought down from their storage place in the attic. A new pile of Christmas cards arrived every day. Soon the long line stretched from one end of the piano to the other. I loved to watch the pile grow and grow as Christmas neared. Finally there

would be so many we couldn't display them all.

Usually the weekend before Christmas my sister, Daddy, and I would go out into the woods for greens. The sweet piney smell of the trees and the embracing air made the season seem more real. We would cut long branches of pine and spruce and carry them home on our sled. Some years we could find pretty red berries along the path.

Mother seemed to have a special knack of twisting the boughs into a wreath or making them into a gay center piece befitting a holiday table.

Because of our Swedish ancestry, it was our custom to have a family party on Christmas Eve. Relatives whom we saw every week and some whom we saw only at Christmas gathered for the traditional smorgasbord. It was Christmas Eve when we cut Mother's fruit cake. It makes my mouth water to think of the delicacies that were served! Swedish meat balls, turkey, ham, Swedish pickled herring, all kinds of salads, cheeses, and breads, olives, pickles, and several desserts were included in every smorgasbord.

When we had finished eating, all the family would gather around the piano, and Mother would play the beautiful old carols which have been sung for centuries. No one in the family had a really fine voice; yet somehow that music was lovelier to me than any other I had ever heard.

Every Christmas Eve as the hour grew late, I experienced an odd feeling. In my mind's eye I pictured all the naughty things I had done during the year. I had ripped up my sister's painting because she had teased me; one day I had refused to mind Mother and Daddy. Suddenly, I'd begin to doubt if Santa would bring me anything, and I would run to Mother for consolation. She always



put her arms around me and reassured me, as no one else could, that if I tried to be a good girl and always did my best, Santa would not forget me.

The climax of the Christmas Season came early Christmas morning when the family would go down stairs together and exchange gifts. How thrilled we children were when, before our eyes, we saw the stately balsam, its branches covered with silver icicles and gleaming colored ornaments. Looking down from the top of the tree would be a lovely silver and blue angel and underneath the branches, a huge mound of gaily wrapped gifts!

Remembering it now, with all its magic and wonder, it seems a little sad that childhood is gone. We have passed through a door that can never be re-entered. Now it is our turn to play Santa Claus by wrapping gifts and trimming the tree, and to teach the beautiful Christmas story to the children of the family. With the coming of maturity we must assume a dignity befitting an adult. As the children excitedly open their gifts this Christmas morning, my sister and I, whether we like it or not, will be on the outside looking in.

### MR. WINTER

By Marilyn Case, '53

Old Mr. Winter every year  
With frosty crown, icicle spear,  
Marches down to sit upon  
His icy, snowy winter throne.  
And as he comes, the autumn leaves  
All bare the branches of the trees,  
The days grow short and the nights grow  
long,  
Old North wind sings his mournful song.  
The flocks of ducks and geese fly by  
Noted by every hunter's eye,  
The frozen ground is hard and cold,  
And squirrels hide nuts in their winter hold,  
And Jack Frost, merry little sprite,  
Paints each window snowy white.  
Then as the snowflakes cover town  
Old Mr. Winter settles down.

### TOO LATE!

By Jim Ball and Bill Ryan, '53

The buzzer had rung  
When, down in the hall  
A thumping of feet  
Was heard by all.

A boy was dashing  
Madly to class,  
All his time taken  
By one pretty lass.

He knew his fate  
As he entered the room  
And heard his sentence  
With gathering gloom.

The teacher was angry,  
As well she might be;  
For the lad was five seconds  
Late, you see.

She sent him downstairs  
To bring back a slip.  
He knew the way;  
'Twas a frequent trip.

Into the office  
Our brave lad sped.  
Now he wished  
He were home in bed!

He told Mr. Strout  
Of his troubles and plights.  
The answer he got  
Was detention—two nights!

Two nights of detention,  
My, what an amount.  
I guess those five seconds  
Really do count!

## The First Christmas

### A Legend

By Robert Dallmeyer, '55

DAVID was a shepherd who lived in Judea, near Bethlehem, with his wife and their two small children, Theresa and Jacob. They were very poor, as David had been too indolent to provide the necessities for his family.

It was late afternoon when David, with his son and daughter, set off for the pastures with their sheep. The road, steep and narrow, at the top of the hill disappeared into green pastures.

When they reached the top, Theresa said that she could hear beautiful music, more beautiful than she had ever heard before. The others could hear nothing. David told her to stop dreaming such things or he would send her home alone.

The father then left the children, instructing them to watch the sheep. Theresa told Jacob that she could still hear the beautiful music, which was getting louder. Jacob couldn't hear anything. He listened intently for a few minutes.

"It has stopped," exclaimed Theresa sadly.

The sheep grew quiet, the wind died down, and everything was still. Then it seemed as though an opening was made in the sky, for a dazzling light shone on the hill, and there before them was a beautiful angel.

Theresa and Jacob left the flock and began to run with the other shepherds, but the angel said, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, for unto you is born this day a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger in Bethlehem."

The angel was gone, and in its place was a heavenly host praising God and singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Theresa and Jacob ran to find their father to ask his permission to go to Bethlehem with the rest of the shepherds, but they couldn't find him. They searched and searched, but to no avail. They decided to go and leave the sheep untended.

It was a long journey to Bethlehem, and it was slow going because of the narrow roads. David's children became more alarmed about his disappearance when they heard one shepherd say, "He just disappeared, did he? He disappeared under a tree to sleep. It would break their hearts to know that he was so lazy. He won't even know they went with us."

Theresa regretted their leaving without permission. She wanted to run back to the pasture, but Jacob whispered to her not to believe what she had heard, but to go see the Child. The urge to see the Child was so great that in spite of the worry about her father she kept going.

They moved slowly, and soon Theresa's curiosity was unbounded. Jacob wasn't excited, or so he told everyone. While she walked along, Theresa said to herself, "My father isn't lazy. He works in town while we tend the sheep. He'll be at the stable, just wait and see." In her heart, however, she knew that her father would be sleeping somewhere. Then the words of the angel, "For unto you is born this day a Savior," came to her mind. If this Child was really a Savior, He could prove it by bringing her father to the stable. She didn't know how it could be done, but she hoped it would.

When they arrived at Bethlehem some time later, they found it crowded with people all milling in one direction; the new arrivals followed.

It took a long time to get inside the stable, but when they finally did, Theresa closed



her eyes and hoped for the best, while expecting the worst. Finally she opened her eyes, and there was the beautiful Mother and her most precious Child. But there was her father, too, talking with the Mother. Theresa and Jacob ran up to their father.

"You shouldn't have left the sheep untended. Did you come to see the Child?" David inquired.

"Oh, yes, Father. But why are you the only one standing here near the Child?"

"Because I asked him to," said the Mother, "If it had not been for your father, we would not have been able to reach Bethlehem to night. When he saw us on the road many hours back, he offered to find a fresh mule for us. He is a very kind man, and you should be proud of him."

"Oh, we are, we are!"

### HOLIDAY BLUES

By Toni Lincks, '56

Winter vacation is here at last  
And now we are free to roam.  
Away with a's and y's and z's,  
Goodbye to ancient Rome.

The snow lies deep o'er hill and dell  
On every bush and tree.  
There are so many things to do  
From now 'till '53.

But alack, alas! I have no choice.  
This day is not for me.  
I have a cold, a gruesome cold.  
Adieu, dear liberty.

Hot water bottles, medicine,  
Warm blankets by the dozens,  
I'll ne'er forget those remedies  
From neighbors, aunts, and cousins.

"Too bad you can't come out with us,"  
My cheery friends will say,  
Then disappear up o'er the hill  
To ski and skate all day.

But never mind, my cold will go—  
They don't last as a rule.  
Colds are quite considerate,  
For I'll be well for school.

### A TALE OF WOE

By Marlene Burns, '55

Seated at my desk was I  
My mind was in a flurry.  
I had to buy some presents,  
And buy them in a hurry!

How the days had quickly gone,  
Vanishing so swiftly.  
I had merely let them go,  
Rapidly and briskly.

Now there was but one day left  
To go into the stores,  
To purchase all those many gifts—  
That ultimate of chores!

Mother had the closets packed  
In every nook and cranny.  
So had Dad, Aunt Jane, and Sis,  
Junior, Gramps, and Granny.

Off I went with shopping list,  
Pocketbook and money,  
Aimed to get that kind of gift—  
Amazing, cute and funny.

The stores were bursting at the seams;  
The salesgirls were so tired,  
But they labored on still more,  
Under threat of being fired.

I was angry as could be,  
Ready to go home.  
They didn't even carry things  
Like a hair-removing comb.

Now I am back home again,  
Wiser for the wear.  
Thank goodness Christmas shopping  
Comes but once a year!

## Tommy Visits Santa

By Sonia Kronick, '55



"TAKE your cousin Tommy to see Santa Claus today," commanded my mother, in keeping with the true Christmas spirit.

"Oh, no! Why can't someone else do it this year? I had enough trouble last time, when he tried to pull off Santa's beard," I pleaded. "Besides, if any of my friends find me waiting to see Santa Claus, I'll never live it down."

"Never mind that. Tommy has changed in the last year," was the unrelenting reply.

He sure has changed. They used to call him "Two Gun;" now he's known as "Killer."

"Well, I won't go with him alone. I'll get Betty to go with me. It won't look so bad if anyone sees two of us," I said.

At two o'clock Betty, Tommy, and I were waiting at the end of a seemingly interminable line to visit jolly old Santa.

"Look over there. It's Bobby and Jim. If they discover us waiting to see Santa Claus, they'll taunt us about it for weeks. Let's hide behind that toy counter before they see us," Betty urged, pulling me out of line.

"We can't," I said. "If we get out of line now, we'll have to go back to the end of it, and we'll be here all day."

"Then leave Tommy to keep our place," commanded Betty. "Come on."

We hid behind a display of dolls for what seemed like three hours. Finally, after making sure that the coast was clear, we ventured from our hiding place and returned to the line.

Forty minutes, and seven dashes-behind-a-toy-counter later, it was our turn to visit Santa.

The old gentleman must be having trouble getting food at the North Pole. He looks awfully thin. His eyesight must be poor, too, because he's wearing glasses.

"Are you both with him?" grunted Santa, pointing to Tommy.

"Yes," we answered.

"What does he need, a bodyguard?" came the disgusted reply.

Yep, good old Santa. He must be having a hard time with the little children.

"What do you want for Christmas, little boy?" Santa asked Tommy.

"A B29, a horse, and an atom bomb. I was awful mad at you last year, because you didn't bring me an army tank. You better come through this time," warned Tommy.

"I'll see what I can do, but I can't please everyone, you know. What would you like me to give you now?" inquired Santa. "A puzzle? A book?"

"No, I want a hunting knife like the one over there," said Tommy, pointing to a knife two feet long that was hanging on a wall across the room in the sport department.

"I can't give it to you now," said Santa. "Why don't you take this one instead?"

"No. That one bends."

"Knives are supposed to bend."

"My father's got one, and it doesn't bend."

"Well, this is a different kind."

"I don't want that kind. I want a big one that doesn't bend."



Santa's pink face was beginning to take on the color of a ripe tomato.

"Will you please take him out of here?" Santa asked me. "I can't spend all day arguing with him."

"Tommy, come on," I said.

"No. I want a hunting knife," he demanded.

"You'll get it later," I promised. He sure will get it later, but it won't be the hunting knife that he'll get.

"Oh, all right. But you better not forget my B29," he threatened before I pulled him away.

"Let's get out of here before anyone sees us," Betty said.

"I guess we're safe now," I remarked. "Tommy, put your hat on, and we'll go outside."

"I can't find my hat."

"Where could you have lost it? You didn't leave it with Santa Claus, did you?" I questioned.

"I think so," was the reply.

"I just hope it's still there," was all I could say.

We pushed to the beginning of the line, where we were confronted by a man who seemed to be guarding the entrance to Santa's little house. Maybe Tommy wasn't the only child displeased by Santa's gift last year, and the management was taking special precautions to insure the safety of their one and only Santa Claus.

"This boy forgot his cap while he was visiting Santa," I explained to the man.

"That's a new excuse to get in to see Santa without having to wait in line," he grumbled. "You'll have to go to the end of the line like everyone else. We grant no favors here." No amount of pleading would change his mind.

So back we went to the end of the line. There may have been many unhappy people on that day, but I'll bet none was as unhappy as Santa when he saw Tommy again.

## The Thing

By Marlene Burns, '55

THEY were all angry at me. I could understand why, but, after all, it was Uncle Henry's fault, too. He didn't have to give me the chemistry set in the first place. It was only three days after we had finally finished redecorating the house when yours truly had to complete the job by putting her little stamp of identification on it. But it was Uncle Henry who made me do it.

It was snowing madly and furiously as I thoughtfully munched on the Christmas cookie I had so carefully snatched. The persistent ring of the door-bell rudely interrupted my pleasant daydream. I slowly put on my shoes, finished the cookie, and walked downstairs. The tangy air was biting cold, but the floor of the porch was even colder. I picked myself up from it and viewed my stumbling block with vindictive eyes. The massive thing was thoughtlessly perched square in the middle of the doorway, and any normal person like me couldn't have helped but trip over it. Panting and tugging, I shoved it into the hall and began looking for some mark of identification. Perched shyly in an inconspicuous corner was a beige sign that said, "To Miss Juniper J. Dudley, 23 Melbourne Avenue, City." I squealed with joy. It was for me! There was no return address at all. At suppertime, when everyone had seen the monstrosity, it became a topic of conversation which puzzled everyone. They wondered what could possibly be inside the clumsy, bulky box. So did I.

The snow had stopped falling after we had eaten our traditionally huge Christmas Eve supper and it lay in deep, peaceful fluffs. We all gathered in the living room and waited for the carolers to come. Sure enough, they came to our window with red, shiny faces and sang carol after carol. Soon it began snowing again. We all felt warm and secure, glad to be alive. We were all contented, as

we talked together. Soon "the thing" began creeping into our conversation. Dad, in an unusual spurt of curiosity, urged me to unwrap it. This was all I needed. I went over to it and spent half an hour tearing off layer after layer of wrappings. Gradually the wrappings dwindled until I could see the traces of a label on a box. With the last paper off, it stood, unveiled . . . a chemistry set. I was disappointed. Gail was overjoyed. (She was a chemistry major in college and planned to be a female Lavoisier.) She began rummaging through the pile of wrappings in hope of discovering some hint of the sender and she came up with another beige card which said, "To my niece, Juniper, in the hope that she will enjoy this." Again, there was no signature. Gail, as you can see, loved chemistry, and when I merely asked one simple question: "What on earth am I going to do with a chemistry set?" she went into an hour long dissertation on the wonders of chemistry. Now she had also taken a course in public speaking and before I knew it, I shared her point of view. We went into the kitchen, where we planned to start experimenting. Dad and Mother were a bit wary of our concocting witches' potion on Christmas Eve, and, as I look back now, I can't say that I blamed them.

With a yawn and a cookie, Gail left my side at one o'clock Christmas morning. By three o'clock my nitric acid with a little manganese dioxide dissolved in potassium chlorate mixed with alcohol began to boil on the stove. I watched it carefully, but occasionally I glanced over at the detailed instruction sheet. It hadn't said anything about adding potassium chlorate, or about boiling the mess, but I had wanted to; so I did. With a dozen test tubes on one side, and some cookies on the other, I was having a high old time. My mind drifted and again I wondered who could possibly have given me this now wonderful present. I heard an ominous gurgle. I looked down and there was my nitric acid-

potassium chlorate-manganese dioxide-alcohol mixture furiously racing to the top of the pot. Without knowing what I was doing, I yanked the pot and myself over to the kitchen sink and poured cold water into the bubbling brew. Then it happened.

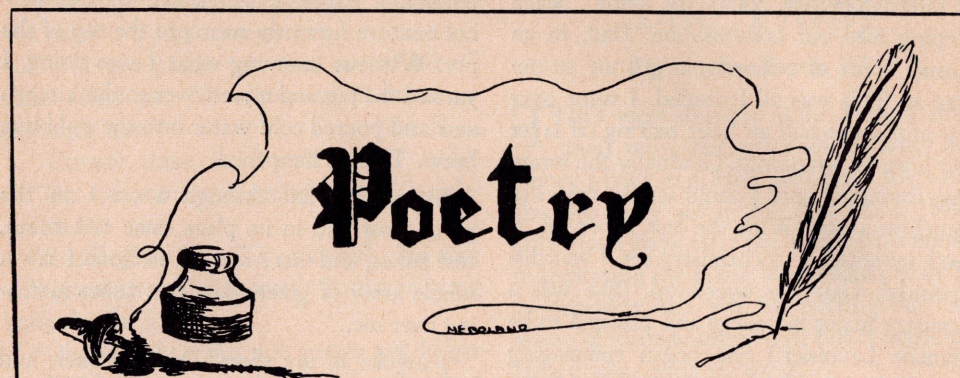
Everything fell through a crack in the porch floor and in its place came test tubes, test tubes, and more test tubes. Soon I saw a whole army of green glass test tubes marching over me.

I awoke in my room. Dad, Mother, and Gail were beside me, and so was the treacherous chemistry set. I took one look at it and again saw a whole army of green glass test tubes.

Three o'clock that afternoon, I was down in the kitchen again, hopelessly trying to amend the damage my explosive had caused. When I came in contact with Mother, Dad, or Gail, I shrank to the size of a test tube. It wasn't easy for any of us to forget that a whole redecorating job, one Christmas Eve, and a good night's sleep had been ruined. I tried to apologize. That evening they began speaking to me again.

Mother and Dad had gone to the decorator's in the hope that he might be able to camouflage the damage. Gail was in the public library trying to find out if my solution had ever been discovered before. I was home, still feeling miserable. The telephone rang and I darted down the stairs and answered it. In a quiet voice, Henry Miller, my sweet, absent-minded, chemistry professor of an uncle, asked me if he were talking to me. When he learned he was, he paused for a moment, and in a quivering tone said, "Juniper, dear, I hope you like the chemistry set I gave you." Suddenly feeling immensely glad that no one else was home, I gulped and answered, "Why, yes, Uncle Henry, I loved it, and so did the rest of the family. I'm so glad you gave it to me." To this day, my family still wonders who sent me that powerful chemistry set.





### GOD'S GIFT

By Sara Milne, '55

The Babe slept soundly where He lay;  
He cared not that the bed was hay.  
The mother bent above His bed  
And kissed the little, new-born head.  
The father, Joseph, guarded well  
His son, small Jesus, who would tell  
The world that God was kind and good  
And men should live in brotherhood.

Three kings were led by one bright star;  
They came on camels from afar  
To see this child, a new-born king,  
A king who to the world would bring  
God's message, who would live His life  
To help us cease eternal strife.

And also on that winter night  
Came shepherds who in speechless fright  
Had heard the angels in the sky,  
Singing and saying, "The Lord is nigh."  
Both kings and shepherds knelt in prayer  
And felt that God was present there.

But maybe we sometimes forget  
Amidst our work, and rush, and fret,  
The wonder of that Christmas Eve  
When Christ first came to help relieve  
Our burdens, and to teach us how  
To live with men, both then and now.

### WINTER WONDERLAND

By Marilyn Case, '53

Down from the sky the small flakes of snow  
Flutter and float to the world far below.  
Whirling and swirling with never a sound,  
The dainty white crystals fall to the ground.  
They dance everywhere with their feet soft  
and light,  
As they make a soft blanket of feathery  
white.

### CHRISTMAS NIGHT

By Marilyn Case, '53

Many, many years ago  
In a country far away  
Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior,  
In a lowly manger lay.  
In a manger, for no rooms  
Were vacant in the inn that day.

Shepherds with their flocks did lie  
When angels came and spoke on high,  
"Follow the light shining in the sky,  
Follow that star and you'll draw nigh  
To the stable where the Christ Child lies."

The Wise Men saw the star so bright  
And followed its gleaming path of light  
And offered their gifts to him that night.

### THE GIFT

By Marlene Burns, '55

Once there was a little tree  
Growing in the wood;  
Now there is a snow-filled hole  
Where the tree once stood.

Once the tree was bare and plain,  
Shaking in the cold;  
Now it stands beside the hearth,  
Trimmed in red and gold.

Once it stood neglected, shamed,  
Pitied for its size;  
Now it is both proud and grand—  
Object of all eyes!

Once there was a family,  
Happy, joyful, gay,  
Sharing all the problems  
Standing in the way.

Now Christmas was approaching  
Closer every day;  
The little family worried,  
Quivered in dismay.

Their little home was tiny,  
Ceilings very low;  
Through its slender doorway  
No tree would ever go.

They hunted, searched, and looked again,  
Never having luck:  
In the paltry doorway  
Every tree had stuck!

They wandered out to look once more  
And finding nothing, then  
They turned about with heavy hearts,  
And headed back home—when!—

There it stood, alone and meek,  
A tiny, lonely pine,  
Banished by the others,  
So tall, so proud, so fine.

Laughing as they brought it home,  
Merry as could be,  
They slid it through the doorway,  
Chuckling with glee.

The tree now proud and loved by all  
Has laughing, joyful friends,  
Thanking God for everything  
That Christmas always sends.

### A PRAYER

By Pat Loach, '54

A man is known on earth for but a century  
And then the memories of him fade away.  
Oh! but to be remembered for all time to be—  
To sit before my God on that Great Day!

My life on earth will be my only scale  
On which to weigh my right deeds and my  
wrong.  
Please give me strength to raise the proper  
sail  
That will send my toiling mission ship along.

I do not ask for help to make it easy—  
But only for the courage to subdue  
The temptations that displease Thee  
And that stop my battling ship from coming  
through.

Grant me grace, oh Father, to assist Thee,  
Whether by my tongue, my hands, or by my  
pen,  
That through my feeble efforts I may aid Thee  
To make this world a world of better men.





## Everything But

By Toni Lincks, '53

IT was a really white Christmas. No one could have asked for a more lovely day. Snow had been falling steadily since dawn. By the time the late winter sun finally shone, the bountiful snow covered every blade of grass and tiny twig and lay in soft drifts over all the country-side. No wonder everyone was filled with happiness, everyone, that is, except Cherry Sterling.

As she sat gazing sadly out of the large casement window, Cherry couldn't keep back the tears that had been gathering in her eyes. Feeling them slowly trickle down her cheeks, she thought miserably of that tedious morning. Little did it matter that she was Cherry Sterling, only child of the wealthiest family in town. Little did she care that she lived in Heartsease House, a stately white mansion with acres of unspoiled country-land surrounding it. Now it was the dreariest place in the world to a fun-loving senior like Cherry.

Not that her parents hadn't done everything in their power to please her! Weren't a soft ermine evening cape and a sparkling diamond bracelet all that a girl needed to be happy? No, not at least for Cherry. Nor did the many other expensive gifts her parents had given her strike a spark of pleasure in her lonely heart. Lovingly she fondled the large class ring, Jack Archer's ring. Last summer he had given it to her and it meant a lot to Cherry.

Jack worked in her father's firm to help put himself through college. He had been called away to New York on business a week ago. Although he had promised to write to her, no letter had come. It wasn't really that which bothered Cherry, but the tormenting incident of yesterday.

She had run down to the caretaker's lodge to give Mr. Gibson a message and had accidentally come upon her best friend, Kathy

Gibson. Kathy had flushed scarlet when she saw Cherry and had quickly hidden behind her back the letter she was reading. In those few seconds Cherry had recognized the handwriting she knew so well. As she trudged back up the path, her heart had felt very heavy indeed.

There comes a time in all girls' lives when they feel the dreariness of a Christmas without someone to care for them and to cheer them up. Now, on this afternoon of all afternoons, when everyone should be merry and gay, Cherry Sterling sat alone.

Naturally she wasn't ready when the door opened with a bang! Cherry swung around to hear thundering shouts of "Merry Christmas". An avalanche of teenagers flocked into the room. From the midst of them stepped a certain merry lad who called, "Surprise!"

Of course there's little need to explain that Jack had found that he could get home by Christmas afternoon. He had written to Kathy to have their old school crowd meet for a surprise party for Cherry.

That evening they sang carols before a roaring fire in the big stone fireplace. Gazing into the flames, Cherry thought how little a diamond bracelet or an ermine wrap really matters when you have the one thing your heart really desires. She held Jack's hand a little tighter as they sang,

"And praises sing to God, our King,  
And Peace to men on earth."



## Religions of Japan

By Pat Loach, '54



BUDDHA

JAPAN is a land of many religions and beliefs, each divided into numerous sects and subdivisions. I cannot describe or tell you completely about these, but I will attempt to explain some of the most important cults and practices.

Buddhism is the major faith, and is based on the teachings and writings of "Buddha", a great scholar and philosopher, who is to the Japanese as Christ is to the Christians. Surprisingly, many of his teachings are very like those of Christ.

There are two Buddhist pilgrimages, or "henro", which have to be made sometime in a man's life. The first and most important one is the "Shikoku henro", a tour on foot of different shrines selected by the elder priests. In the "Shin" sect, twenty shrines are visited; in the "Jodo", twenty-five; and in the "Shikoku", as many as eighty-eight. This is primarily for religious enlightenment. The practice, however, is dying out among the younger generation of Japan today. The second is to the sacred mountain "Fujama"—or Mt. Fuji, as it is commonly called. This "Fujiko" pilgrimage is undertaken to purify the soul and the six senses, and is quite a

physical feat, as it is the highest mountain in Japan, and its summit and slope are almost entirely covered with black lava ash.

One of the most important Buddhist shrines is the tremendous bronze statue of the "Dai Butzu Buddha" in Kamakura, (near Yokohama), which weighs two hundred and ten thousand pounds and stands forty-three feet high. The image, although it has been damaged many times by flood and earthquake, has stood since the eleventh century. Notice the incense burner in front of it. In the large pot are placed fragrantly scented pieces of burning incense. Prayers are chanted while the stick slowly diminishes in length.

The second major cult is "Shintoism". This primarily is based on ancestor worship, shot through here and there with Confucian ethics. In their homes the Shinto followers erect shrines to their ancestors. (Buddhists do also, to Buddha, but this is not compulsory.) In front of these, each morning, they leave bowls of rice and various kinds of food and wine to feed and please their deceased relatives.

"Inari shrines," believed to be the guardians of farmers, are placed in every village, and over each approaching path is raised a



"TORII"



"torii" (see picture). After having passed under a torii one is supposed to be purified. Torii's are always located in front of a temple.

The third and last major creed is Christianity, which is becoming increasingly popular in Japan, especially with the younger people. The membership of the Christian church is very, very small compared to that of the Buddhists and Shintoists, and many of the faithful members of the Young People's Fellowship, which I attended there, had had a considerable amount of friction with their parents, whose faiths differed and conflicted with theirs; but the Japanese Christians are some of the truest and best Christians I have ever known.

The church is trying very hard to win the Japanese people to Christian ways, but they have found it difficult because these old religions are so deeply embedded in the people, who have been practising them for thousands and thousands of years. The only method they have found to be entirely successful, and which is a wonderful example of trying to love and understand your neighbor, is to tolerate very kindly the Japanese faiths, sending out men to the various temples and priests to find and bring back information about the sects so that we may understand them better. Perhaps through this and other good example we may finally show them the way of truth and understanding.



MT. FUGI

## O TANNENBAUM

By Anne Maguire, '55

Oh, would that someone could produce  
A balsam that when brought indoors  
Would stay intact, decline to drop  
Its foliage upon the floors.  
My daily chore is cleaning up  
Each morning's green accumulation,  
But even so the tree stays put  
The merry Christmas tide's duration.  
We creep around with lightest tread,  
For if we jar, the branches shed.

All visitors are fairly warned  
Before they can the threshold cross.  
On holidays we do not rule;  
Our Christmas tree is always boss.  
We cannot turn the heat up high;  
We cannot open the front door,  
For if we do the tree will dry;  
We'll have more needles on the floor.  
And then at night I lie in bed—  
And listen to the branches shed.

## NOEL

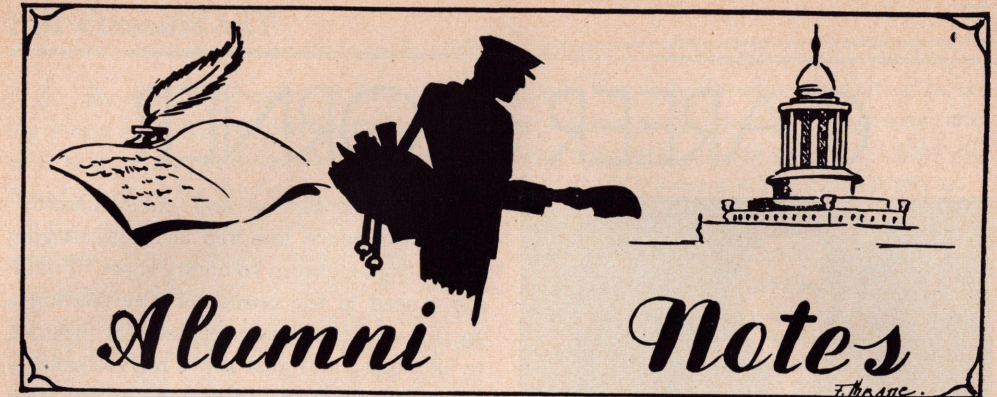
By Marlene Burns, '55

Hush!  
Floating through the crisp, jet air,  
Ling'ring in the night,  
Are strains of joyous melodies,  
Warm, jolly, bright.

Along the ribbon of a street,  
Quiet, peaceful, calm,  
Come merry, red-nosed carolers,  
Singing another psalm.

The merry faces of the group,  
Shiny with the cold,  
Radiate pure joy and love  
For those songs of old.

The air is quiet once again,  
The wind begins to blow,  
The few chance notes that cared to stay  
Have fallen on the snow.



Entering their freshman year at the various colleges throughout the country are the following:

William Prout at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Gordon Willard at Dennison University.

Robert Sommerville at De Pauw University.

Robert Winslow at the Boston Radio and Television School.

Ronald Barton at Kansas State College.

Shirley Snow at the Morrisville Agricultural and Technical Institute.

Phyllis Buckheim at the University of Vermont.

Jeanette Kahn and Eleanor Persip at the Arnold College of Physical Education.

Caryl Leidhold at Centenary Junior College.

Arthur Bailey, Eugene Dalzell, Robert Eberwein, Dante Fresia, Elizabeth Frisch, Barbara Jordan, William Lepp, Phyllis Martin, Sheila McCormick, Anita Smith and Joan Thacker at the University of Massachusetts.

In her senior year at Green Mountain Junior College is Judith Cook. Judith has been elected president of the Student Council. She also has been selected for membership in Green Mt. Key, an organization of leading students chosen on the basis of citizenship, academic rating and personality. Members work to promote the best in campus spirit, act as hostesses to college guests, and represent the school on various occasions.

A six-letter athlete at P.H.S. and forward on the 1951 All-Berkshire basketball team now wears the wings of a Marine paratrooper after completing the rugged airborne school at Fort Benning, Ga. He is Pfc. Ronald Russell, who is now attending a parachute rigger's school at Fort Lee, Va. The airborne course is designed to train volunteers from all arms and branches of the service as qualified parachutists. Ronnie, a 1951 graduate of P.H.S., made five jumps, including one with full field equipment.

Now in their sophomore year at various colleges throughout the country are the following:

Patricia Farrell at University of Massachusetts.

Carolyn Wagner at Bouve-Boston School of Physical Education.

Robert Reagan at the Wharton School of Finance at the University of Pennsylvania.

Robert and Edward Cohen at the University of Massachusetts.

Frank Germanowski at Clarkson College of Technology.

Ronald Allen at the University of Maryland.

Harriet Adelson at Sweet Briar College.

Madeline Cantarella at the Juillard School of Music.

Dempsey Morris at Norwich University.

Glen Hoag at the University of Maine.

Charles Leavitt at Bryant College.

Allan Gwinnell at Brown University.



# CAREER CORNER



MISS FRANCES GANNON

"**B**USY as a bee" perfectly describes the Women's Club's genial Executive Secretary, Miss Frances Gannon, who graduated from Pittsfield High School in 1923. Miss Gannon took the commercial course for two years and then changed to the college preparatory course. At the age of fifteen, Miss Gannon entered Tufts College. Later she took a temporary position as sales-clerk in England Brothers for the Christmas holidays, a position which lasted twenty-four years. She became buyer and manager of the stationery department until the opportunity of becoming Executive Secretary of the Women's Club presented itself just three years ago last month.

Miss Gannon says she thoroughly enjoyed retailing, buying, selling, and meeting the public.

"Knowing the people of Pittsfield through contacts, meeting the public, and business experience received in this occupation formed a training period for the work at the Women's Club," explains Miss Gannon.

Concerning her present position Miss Gannon says, "There is a great satisfaction in club work of this type, especially here in Pittsfield's Women's Club, by spreading a

spirit of friendliness and companionship among our seven hundred members ranging in age from eighteen to eighty-three. Fulfilling a need in the community by offering a social, educational and recreational program to all women and girls above high-school age is a major function of the club. Many incidents arise wherein the Secretary must handle unusual problems. Taking care of such instances is a part of our services," related Miss Gannon. "In August," she continued, "a twenty-two year old girl walked into the office, a stranger not only to Pittsfield but to America, since she had just arrived in New York via steamship from Norway. She was to meet friends from Denver two weeks hence. Finding a room for her, offering her the facilities and homelike atmosphere of the club, briefing her on Pittsfield's many wonderful summer activities in general, making a total stranger feel 'at home', was a great source of satisfaction to me."

Since her profession takes up most of her time, Miss Gannon has few spare moments, although she served as campaign chairman of the Women's Division of the Community Chest Drive for two consecutive years. Her work leaves little time for hobbies.

Pittsfield is indeed fortunate not only in having a fine Women's Club but also in having such a capable, efficient and gracious Executive Secretary.

## IS COLLEGE FOR YOU?

Q. Should you go to college?

A. Yes, if you have the necessary mental ability and a **REAL REASON** for securing a higher education, plus ambition, good health, and sufficient funds.

Q. Is a college education necessary for future success?

A. No, but it is a definite asset.

Q. How can you tell if you are fitted for college work?

A. By scholastic records to date, including junior high school records, mental aptitude test records, and by results of College Board exams or by the results of tests given by the colleges themselves for prospective students. Some colleges consider you only if you are in the top ten to twenty percent of the graduating class, while others consider you if you are in the top half. Once you decide upon the college you wish to attend, (this decision should not be made because Aunt Minnie went there, but rather on what you expect to do in relation to your abilities and interests) you should consult with your counselor on courses to fulfill necessary requirements for college. It is wise, however, to apply to more than one college, since admission officers try to get those into their student body who will be most successful. Scholastic material, like athletic material, varies. Since selections are made on the basis of this year's material, competition will be greater or less, depending upon the overall material available this year. Since no one knows what this year is to bring, it is obvious that competition may be stiffer than in former years, or perhaps a bit easier.

According to reports of the latest years, more people than ever are seeking scholarship aid. This in turn makes the gaining of a scholarship more difficult, since colleges are not charitable institutions. They may award funds to only the "cream of the crop". A good academic record is not enough; colleges seek the "all-round" person: a good student, who is also a participant in extra curricular activities while maintaining good marks in his subjects.

The size of the scholarship depends upon the school awarding it. Today even some of the more fully endowed schools find it difficult to keep up with scholarship requests, as dividends on endowments are not as great as in former years.

Geographical placement also has something to do with scholarship awards. For example,

pupils from schools who have never before sent a student to a certain college sometimes have a better chance of gaining a scholarship than those schools sending many students.

The amount of money earned by a student's family also conditions scholarship award, even though he may be a better student than one more favored.

A personal interview is always essential, as are recommendations from the guidance department, principal, and other school officers.

Does this seem confusing? Well, it is. Therefore, first decide upon the college you wish to enter, apply to the school, see your counsellor, find out what late information he or she has, and **GET TO WORK!**

## ALUMNI HONORS

Eleanor Clary has been named to the dean's list at the College of New Rochelle, where she is a junior. Eleanor is special projects chairman of the national Family Life Commission and a member of the biology and German clubs and the Bellvue Group.

Walter Creer has been elected treasurer of the Arnold Air society at Williams College. The society, which honors outstanding military leaders of the junior and senior classes, is a branch of the Williams Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps. In addition to his position in the society, he has been selected as an advisor to the freshman class. A member of Delta Upsilon Fraternity, he has served on the Williams varsity basketball and baseball teams.

Richard Gagnon has been initiated into Pi Tau Sigma, leading honorary society in mechanical engineering, at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. To be eligible, juniors must rank in the upper quarter of their class.

In his senior year at Purdue University is David Silvernail. David has been elected vice president of the Student Council at Purdue.



# WHO'S WHO

December, 1952

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## COLLIE POMEROY

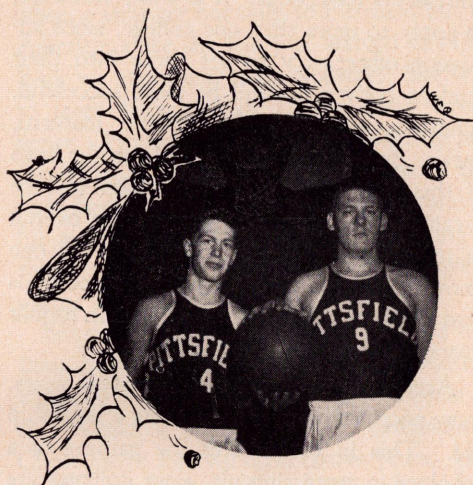
Collie Pomeroy, a popular senior, is captain of the Pittsfield High ski team this year, but this is only one of his many activities. He is president of Phi-Hi-Y and the Hi-Y, a member of the Tri-Hi-Y cabinet and of the Student Council.

His favorite sport is skiing, naturally, and this is also his favorite pastime. His best liked food is a nice thick steak, and he says a Yankee fan is his pet peeve.

Collie plans to go to engineering school after graduation from P. H. S. Good luck, Collie.

## CO-CAPTAINS

Meet two boys that you will see a lot of in the next few months. They are Larry Bosidy and Jimmy Pelkey, two seniors with much in common. They play their favorite sports, basketball and baseball, on the high school teams. They are also on the American Legion baseball team. Jimmy is a home room representative and Larry is a member of Student Council and vice president of his class. Larry likes sleeping, eating, and the N. Y. Yankees while Jimmy, a Red Sox fan, likes to play the accordion. After graduation Larry would like to go to college and Jimmy to television school.



## "NAN"

By now everyone is familiar with this cheerleader, Nancy Giard, a member of the varsity squad since her junior year. Besides her cheerleading activities, Nancy was also a member of the Junior Class Council, Zeta Tri-Hi-Y, and the Tri-Hi-Y cabinet last year.

Nancy's favorite pastime is dancing, and her hobby is eating, especially fried chicken. Although "getting up in the morning" is Nancy's pet peeve, she likes school and lists chemistry as her favorite subject.

After graduation, she plans to enter nurse's training in either Springfield or Hartford, where we know she'll fulfill her ambition of becoming a good nurse.



## SPECIALIST

Let us introduce you to Jimmy Ball, kicking star of the football team, whose record bears repeating—18 successful kicks out of 23 tries.

Jimmy, who is a senior this year, also enjoys basketball and track. Second only to athletics is his interest in singing, which keeps him busy as a member of the Orpheus Choir. Many of you may remember him as "Kid Connor" in the operetta, "The Red Mill," which was presented last year.

A steak and pizza are listed as his favorite foods while his favorite subjects are English and electricity.



## ARTIST

Students, meet Mary Ellen Boland, art editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN and president of Alpha Tri-Hi-Y. Her favorite pastimes are art, with a little dancing on the side. She claims her favorite subject in school is chemistry.

In the line of food she likes steak with onions. She also likes skiing and baseball. Her pet peeve is homework. (Wonder why?)

Mary Ellen's ambition is to go on to college and study art.

Good luck to a swell gal!

## CO-CHAIRMEN

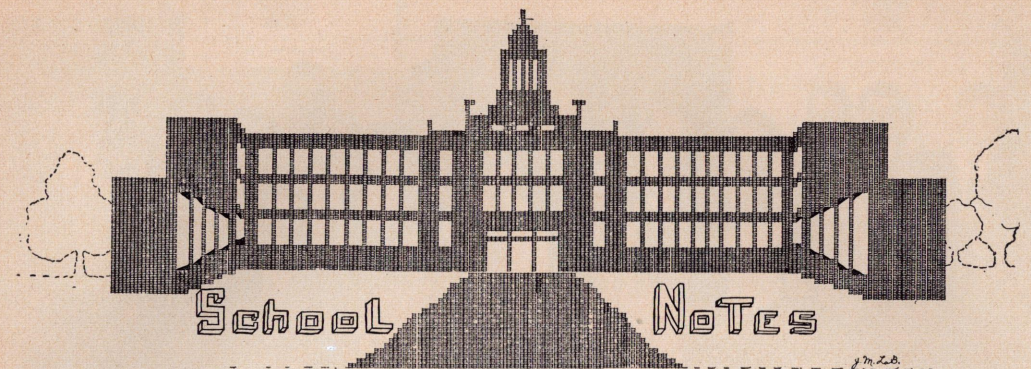
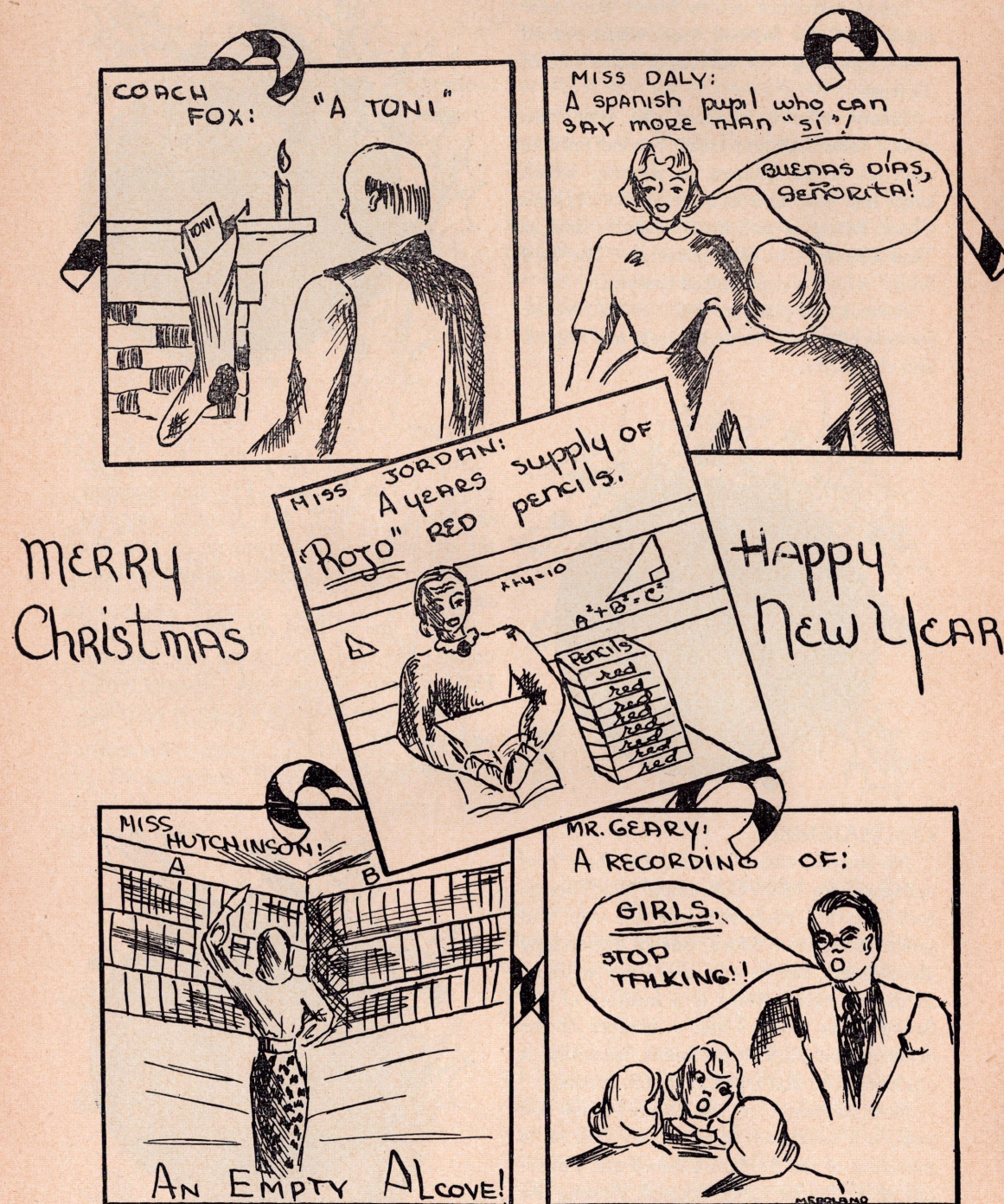
No introduction is needed for these two active seniors, Mary Gabriel and Jack Thompson, who are co-chairmen of the cap and gown committee. Mary, one of our snappy cheerleaders, can be seen every day working in the cafeteria. Mary is a member of the Senior Class Council and a member of the Student Council. Her pet peeve, naturally, is students who don't yell at P.H.S. games.

Jack, president of the Junior Class last year, is a very busy senior. This year he is president of the Student Council and a member of the Senior Class Council. Among the many activities in which Jack participates are football, basketball, baseball, and swimming.





# Santa's Christmas Stocking



Mary Bolotin, Diane Byrne, Mary Ann Carity, Susan Connors, Albert Desrosiers, Eleanor Farrell, Sonia Kronick, Marcia Lipsy, Katy MacCarthy, Elfrieda Pierce, Joanne Ruberto, Sandra Sable, Myron Schwager, Robert Snow, Betty Thacker, Madeline Tini, Pat Whalen.

## ASSEMBLIES

Two interesting assemblies were presented to the student body this fall. On Thursday, October 16, Mr. Montague and his wife, clever magicians called the "Gloom Chasers", entertained the students. Their slogan was, "Anything pertaining to common sense is purely coincidental," and they lived up to it. Mr. Montague did tricks, with student participation, and Mrs. Montague did an act of memorizing 20 different articles.

The second assembly, on November 14, was an interesting account by Mr. William Stockdale of a cross country hike. Colored pictures of the beauty spots of the country, including a scene of South Street, illustrated the lecture. Humorous stories of "Taj Mahal", his faithful dog, added to the interest of the program.

## BAND

The band is preparing the music for its concert, which will be held on April 17. Some of the songs the program will include are "Malaguena," "The Little Rhapsody in Blue", "The Blue Tail Fly," Handel's "Water Music Suite," and several marches and solos. The concert will help finance the trip to Turners Falls for the music festival in May.

## ART ON DISPLAY

Every year for the past five years the West Street merchants have sponsored an art contest for students of Pittsfield and St. Joseph's High Schools.

The students, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Curtin, plan well in advance of the day that they will work on this project. They swarm down West Street with their paints and brushes. In one day's time the windows have been transformed from the daily displays to windows sparkling with Christmas spirit.

Generous prizes are offered to the students doing the best work in each class. The judges are Mr. Curtin, Mr. Bartlett Hendricks, and Mr. Victor Blais.

## RIFLE CLUB

The P.H.S. Rifle Team has begun again, pushed by Art Peck and Walt Whitman, two Tech juniors. There are twelve new members who are taking a basic training course to learn how to handle and shoot a gun properly. Some men from the G.E.A.A. are teaching the enthusiasts on the G. E. A. A. Rifle Range, which they are permitting the boys to use as their home range. Mr. Phinney has generously given up some of his limited free time to act as their advisor. They will meet as a team once a month.





STUDENT COUNCIL

1st Row: R. Leone, J. Thompson, B. Furey, T. Bossidy  
 2nd Row: M. Gabriel, S. Hunt, I. DiCroce, M. Chapman, B. Overbaugh  
 3rd Row: J. Spadafora, L. Herzig, A. Sheild, S. Zorbo, G. Gilbert, C. Walters, D. Terpak  
 4th Row: C. Gilson, C. Pomeroy, F. Reid, P. Cimini, L. Bossidy, C. Garivaltis, J. Ditello

## STUDENT COUNCIL

The 1952-53 Student Council has gone into action with John Thompson as its president. Other officers include Thomas Bossidy, vice president; Ruth Leone, secretary; and Beverly Fury, assistant-secretary. Besides its regular duties of representing the student body, the council acted as ushers for the parents on visiting day during Education Week.

## TECHNICAL NEWS

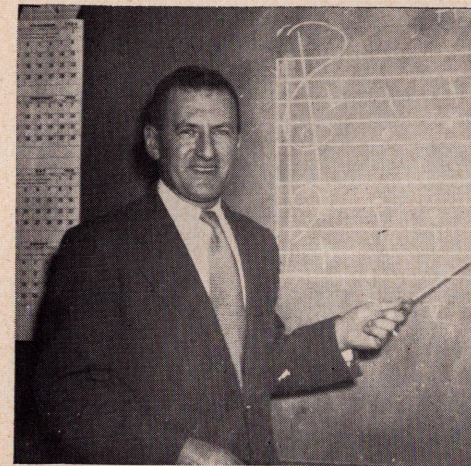
Preparatory to applying for admission to colleges, several groups of seniors have been visiting schools that they are interested in. Alumni of Worcester Polytechnic Institute drove a large group to Worcester and conducted them through the college. Several interested in Cornell University have made a trip there. Other colleges visited are Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and North-

eastern University in Boston, and the University of Massachusetts.

Along with the annual deluge of new equipment, the painters coated Rooms B8 and B9 with a two-tone green, beautifying to some extent the drab cement walls. The dual unit switchgear apparatus described last year in *THE PEN* is to be wired for use soon. It will be a welcome addition to our facilities.

The Tech Bowling League is under way again. This year it split into two groups, one going to Lou's Alleys and the other to the Pastime Alleys. The former group was short lived; the latter is still going strong with its five teams.

Some Tech seniors and juniors went to the G.M. plant at Framingham, Mass., in the last part of October to watch various cars being assembled from start to finish. They went on a school bus reaching Framingham about noon, leaving the afternoon for them to study the operations.



## MEET THE FACULTY

Down in Room 108, we find a likable and busy teacher, Mr. Morton Wayne, who is the faculty spotlight for this issue of *THE PEN*.

Mr. Wayne, who received his B.S. in music from New York University and his M.A. from Columbia, taught in several different cities before coming to Pittsfield. He was supervisor of music in the junior highs until he assumed his present position in September 1951.

His tasks at P.H.S. are numerous and interesting. The direction of the band, orchestra, and glee clubs are the best known of his duties. He also teaches music appreciation and harmony classes during the day. The dance band, which was heard at one of our rallies, is another of his undertakings. Last year he directed the operetta, "The Red Mill".

During World War II, Mr. Wayne played with the 87th Infantry Band "all over Europe". One would think he would especially like the band instruments, but the violin rates first with him.

Mr. Wayne, who was born in New York City, is married and has two young children, Robert and Judy. He enjoys listening to records and reading various novels.

We hope that Mr. Wayne's years here will be a pleasant experience for him as he continues to enrich the musical program at P.H.S.

## VOCATIONAL NEWS

The boys from the welding shop have recently made a wrought iron coffee table, which was given as first prize at the Massachusetts Vocational Association Chapter Meeting. They are also making repairs on several pieces of equipment for the City Infirmary.

The cabinetmaking shop is keeping quite busy. Two kitchen cabinets are being made for the household arts department. A new mahogany bottom is being made for a fourteen foot motor launch. They have nearly completed their part of the scenery to be used in the teacher's play.

In the print shop (which is always good for a lot of news) the new report cards are being printed for the grammar schools of this city. They also printed a paper, "Your Public Schools," which was distributed to the students.

The boys from drafting have recently made photostatic copies of the school budget. Another big job, which was an all day one, was photostating the League of Nations Charters from 1919-1925.

The auto mechanics have kept very busy working on their five ex-state cars being repaired for the superintendent of schools. One of their greatest ambitions, which they have been working on for quite some time, is to get a new exhaust system for their shop.

During Educational Week, the Vocational students had an exhibit of the articles made in the department. It was effectively displayed in the foyer of the building, where it attracted the attention of many parents on visiting day.

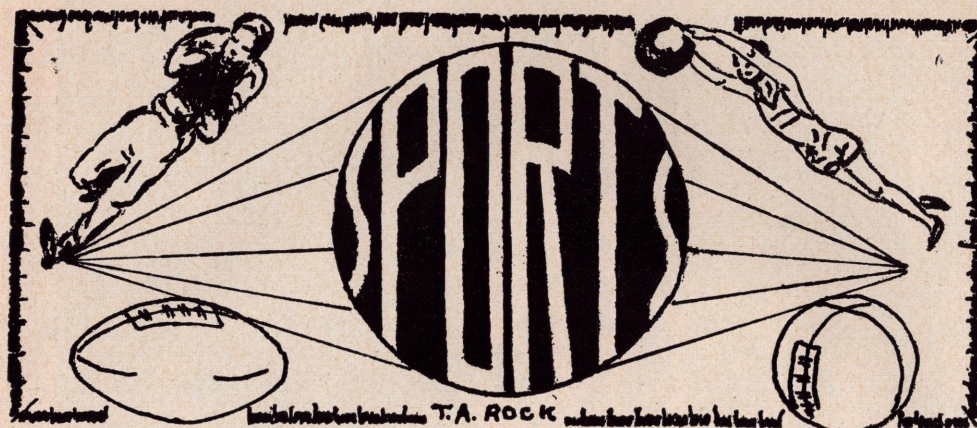
## A NOTE OF APOLOGY

Through a misunderstanding we published the poem "Game for Anything" as original when it was not submitted as such. We are sorry if we caused Loretta Waryjasz any embarrassment and regret the error.









### GREENFIELD DEFEATS P. H. S. 20-7

By Art Johnson, '53

At Greenfield, on October 13, Pittsfield High was eliminated from the Western Massachusetts title race, suffering a 20-7 defeat at the hands of Greenfield High.

Pittsfield led 7-0 with a few seconds remaining in the first half when Greenfield scored on a brilliant pass play from the Purple 13-yard line. Greenfield scored again in the third period and once in the fourth stanza.

Mike Owseichik and "Bubba" Hayes starred for the Taptown eleven. They shared the scoring with Gordy Barton who tallied on a pass from Owseichik for the initial Greenfield score.

Charley Garivaltis led the Foxmen's attack, scoring the sole Purple touchdown. "Diamond Jim" Ball made good the try-for-point.

### CATHEDRAL DUMPS PITTSFIELD 12-9

By Art Johnson, '53

Pittsfield High lost a close game to Cathedral of Springfield at Pynchon Park on September 24. Despite the efforts of Chuck Garivaltis, the injury-riddled Foxmen could not build up any great offenses against Cathedral.

Cathedral scored in the first period and also in the final quarter. Chuck Garivaltis scored on a brilliant 35-yard run in the second stanza, and Jimmy Ball added the extra point.

Tommy Whalen was tackled in his own end zone to add two points to Pittsfield's total score.

Garivaltis was the star of the game. He averaged five yards per carry and he didn't lose a yard all night. Ball brought his string of consecutive extra points to twelve.

### PITTSFIELD LOSES TO NORTHAMPTON

By Louis Marks, '53

A trio of fast-running backs and a hard-charging line were too much for Pittsfield High as it went down to defeat 25-12 at Northampton, November 1.

Chuck Garivaltis again carried the burden for the injury-riddled Foxmen as he gained 119 of Pittsfield's 140 yards, and he kept them in the game for three quarters.

Trailing 6-0 in the first quarter, Pittsfield seized a break to tie the score. Larry Herzig pounced on a fumble on the Northampton 26. On his fifth straight carry, Garivaltis went to the goal line where he fumbled, but Dick Elwell pounced on the ball for the score. Jim Ball was hit before he could do anything for the extra-point. Late in the second quarter, Northampton tallied on a 60-yard drive. The Foxmen quickly tied the score in the second half after the kickoff. Chuck Garivaltis terminated a 61-yard march, in which he carried eight times and passed once, by crack-



Frank Reid carries the ball for PHS against St. Joseph's

ing over for the touchdown. Ball's kick was blocked. Thereafter Northampton took over and scored on an 81-yard march and on a brilliant 74-yard sent return by Bill Wood, and the game ended with victory for Northampton 25-12.

Jim Ball's 12 straight extra point string was snapped when Bill Barstow got crossed up on the signals and centered the ball too early. The ball went to Jim, giving him his only chance of the year to run, but he was unsuccessful.

### PITTSFIELD ROLLS OVER ST. JOSEPH

By Louis Marks, '53

There were 63 boys who played fine football November 11 at Wahconah Park in Pittsfield High's 33-19 win over St. Joseph, but the difference was a fellow named Chuck Garivaltis, who was a personal wrecking crew in the eyes of his foe.

Chuck scored three touchdowns, passed for the other two, and, in short, murdered the St. Joe defense. The only thing he didn't do was kick the extra points. But to give credit where credit is due, it was the superb blocking that gave Garivaltis his chances. The line opened huge holes in the St. Joe line, and then eliminated the secondary and safetymen to make things easier for Chuck, who usually has to elude potential tacklers. Larry Herzig, Harvey Robinson, Bill Barstow, and Jerry Rufo were nothing short of sensational, both on offense and defense for the short time they played. Quarterback Jack Thompson mixed the plays beautifully and also ran well. Frank Reid was back in form and drove through St. Joe defense for large gains. Herb Evans and Nick Knysh, playing for the second team, ran well. Pete Cimini, Jack Vincent, and Evans sparkled on the defense for the second team. On the whole, the 38 fellows from PHS played superbly.



In the second quarter, the second team went in and did a remarkable job as St. Joseph only scored once. In the last eight minutes, the second, third, and J.V. teams got some more experience. They played commendably, but were scored on twice by a frustrated St. Joe team.

Coach Fox declared that the game went along as planned with the first team playing in the first and third quarters, and letting all the seniors play as much as possible, and that it was the first team's best showing of the year.

#### A TRIBUTE TO THE SENIORS OF PITTSFIELD'S 1952 FOOTBALL TEAM

By Louis Marks, '53

When the 1953 football season rolls around next autumn, there will be many familiar faces missing. Memories of galloping backs on long runs, spectacular passes, and tremendous blocking and tackling will remain, however, memories, too, of victories but sometimes of heartbreaking losses.

Some day when you look back at this football season you witnessed at P.H.S., you will inevitably recall the first team. You will see Jack Thompson, the quarterback, who called and handled the plays so expertly; Dick Elwell, who caught many passes for large gains; Harvey Robinson, who was a "Rock of Gibraltar" in the Pittsfield line; Jerry and George Rufo, who played magnificently on the line; Jim Ball, the expert extra point kicker; and Larry Bossidy, with his long pants. Nor will you forget the unheralded heroes of the second team, who always did a marvelous job in the few games they played. Doug Gordon, Tony Cancilla, Jack Vincent, Dick Babillis, Werner Toller, Bob Burns, John Welsh, Gene Patrick, Ray Labrizzi, Dave Dapson, Lou Bazzano, Harry Crennan, and Maury Roberts were the seniors that comprised this comparatively unknown part of the team.

Nor will anyone forget Frank Reid, who

for four years carried the ball for P.H.S. Not many high school players could surpass Frank as a runner, blocker, or punter.

But the person who will be rated among the greatest stars of P. H. S. will undoubtedly be Chuck Garivaltis. Chuck will certainly be missed by Coach Fox, and Chuck's exploits in Berkshire County and Connecticut Valley football will never be forgotten.

Yes, the football players that graduate from the Halls of Ivy in June, 1953 will be missed by the Foxmen, but the memories of the accomplishments of the 1952 football team's seniors will last for a long, long time.

#### FOOTBALL REVIEW

By Louis Marks and Art Johnson, '53

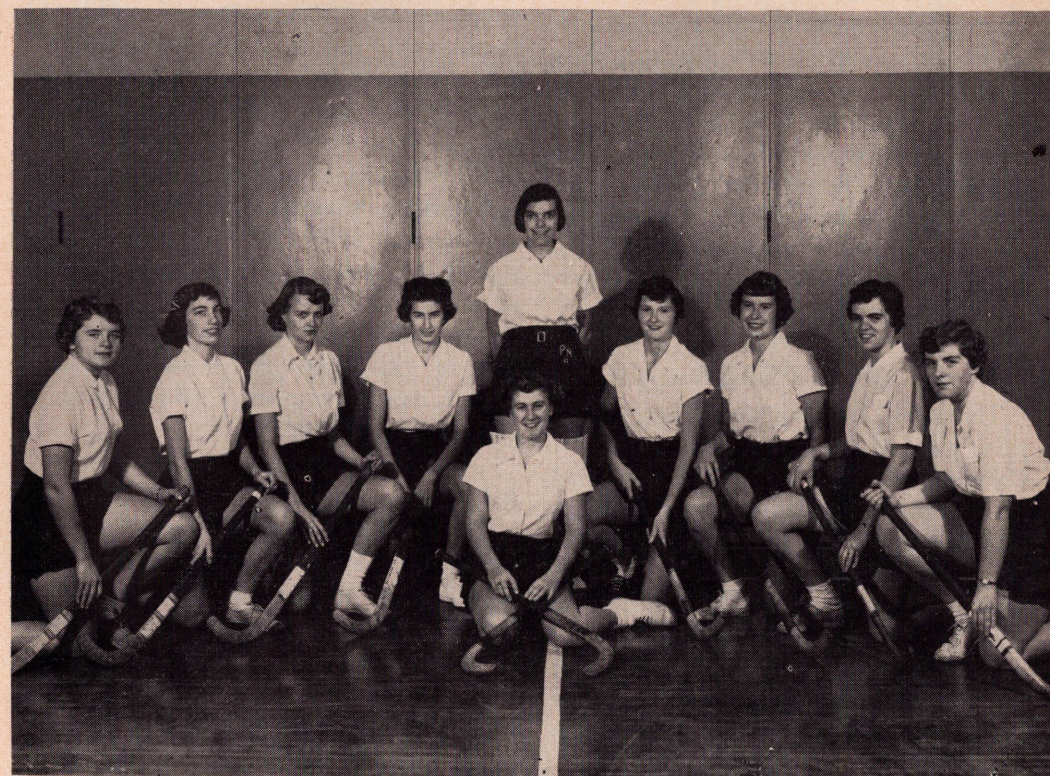
Although Pittsfield completed the season with a 4-4 record, they nevertheless had a good season. They won the Berkshire County Championship. All their losses were to schools in the Connecticut Valley. In every game Pittsfield lost, most of the breaks went against them.

Chuck Garivaltis was by far Pittsfield's hero, both as a passer and a runner. Chuck scored 12 times for 72 points and passed for five more scores. He gained over 700 yards in seven games. His greatest showing was in the St. Joe game when he accounted for all the touchdowns. Frank "P.H." Reid was next with 30 points on five touchdowns. He was followed by Dick Elwell, who scored three times for 18 points. Next came Dick McKnight with 12 points, and then Jack Thompson, Jim Ditello, and Nick Knysh, who made one TD each.

The defensive stars were many, as the team constantly played superbly on defense, but Harvey Robinson, Larry Herzig, Jim Ditello, Herb Evans, and Jerry Rufo were the greatest standouts.

Larry Herzig, "the Little Giant", and Jim Ditello were elected co-captains for 1953.

## Girls Sports



SENIOR FIELD HOCKEY

J. Whiting, C. Walters, A. Shields, L. Calderella, Capt. P. Noon, B. Limont, M. Case, S. Reagan, J. Larkin.  
In front—C. Keefe

#### FIELD HOCKEY

Both sunny skies and stormy skies accompanied the field hockey tournament; nevertheless, all the games were played on schedule. When the season's first snowstorm swirled down upon the players struggling for possession of the ball, some of the more pessimistic onlookers felt that Old Man Winter would force the postponement of the final games till spring.

Although the juniors threatened to wrest the laurels away, the senior team came out on top. After three years of drill these girls showed that their practice had not been

wasted, by winning all four of their games. With Pat Noon as their captain and able goalie, the team included Barbara Limont, Marilyn Case, Anne Shields, Judith Larkin, Jane Whiting, Lorita Calderella, Sally Reagan, Carol Walters, and Carolyn Keefe.

The juniors may have lacked the last bit of perfection necessary to win the championship, but this lack was more than compensated for by their wonderful sportsmanship. Captained by Joan Duda, this team won two games from the sophomores. Team members were Helen Noon, Barbara Dellert, Pat Loach, Joan May, Carolyn Turner, Marcia



Gerlach, Kathy Maguire, Marilyn Root, and Kris Bonniver.

One might think that losing all four of their games would have dampened the sophomores' enthusiasm. Instead, each loss apparently caused them to go into the next game with more determination than ever. Led by Stephanie Wojtkowski, the sophomore team was made up of Beverly Furey, Elaine Niarchos, Mary Eastland, Carolyn Cassidy, Lillian Calnan, Joanne Wells, Julianne Heye, Eva Todd, Janet Hinckley, Katherine Goerlach, and Daryl Messer.

#### OPEN HOUSE

This year's Open House drew many to the girls' gym to view the exhibition there. Colorful posters and displays of equipment depicted the various activities participated in both during gym classes and after school. Sophomore girls acted as guides to show the guests around, and Miss McNaughton and Miss Morgan were on hand to explain the functions of the gym. The senior and junior volleyball squads joined in an exhibition game to give the parents a chance to see the gym in use.

#### TRI-HI-Y ACTIVITIES

All the Tri-Hi-Y Clubs are, as usual, busy this month. In addition to their individual activities, all six clubs are selling plastic bags and towels to raise money.

Alpha held a very successful "Witch's Ball" in October. Carole Stutz acted as chairman. They also held a debate on the Presidential election followed by a party in early November. The club is also planning to make a Thanksgiving basket for some needy family.

Beta was shown slides on Bermuda in early October, and they had a Hallowe'en party in the latter part of that month. On November 18, the entire club went to the Day Nursery and helped to repair toys. On the social scene, they plan a spaghetti supper

soon, and they are sponsoring the January dance.

Delta and Sigma combined this year to co-sponsor the "Victory Dance". Much of the success of this dance was due to the excellent work of Joan Duda and Toot Barea as co-chairmen. Delta held a party in November, and they are planning to give a basket and toys to some needy family at Christmas.

Gamma entertained the children at the Berkshire School for Crippled Children with a party in October. Games were played and refreshments served to the children.

Zeta had a social with Hi-Y in the early part of November. As a money-raising project, they are planning a cake sale sometime in the near future.

#### PHI-HI-Y

The induction ceremonies for new members of the Phi-Hi-Y were held at the Y.M.C.A. on Monday evening, November 3, and the officers took part in the full explanation of the meaning of the club insignia.

#### MOTION PICTURE CLUB

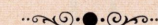
The pictures chosen by the Motion Picture Club for the month of October were as follows: "Somebody Loves Me," "Cripple Creek," "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," and "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima." They were discussed by Betty Wich, Nancy DeWitt, Cynthia Wich, and Jack Garrity, respectively.

"The Snows of Kilmanjaro," "Lure of the Wilderness," and "The Thief" were chosen as club pictures for November.

During the month of October one of our members, Bob Spring, was very ill. The club endeavored to cheer him up by sending him a gift.

The name of Cherolyn Bourdo, who was elected recording secretary, was inadvertently omitted from the list of officers of the club given in the last issue.

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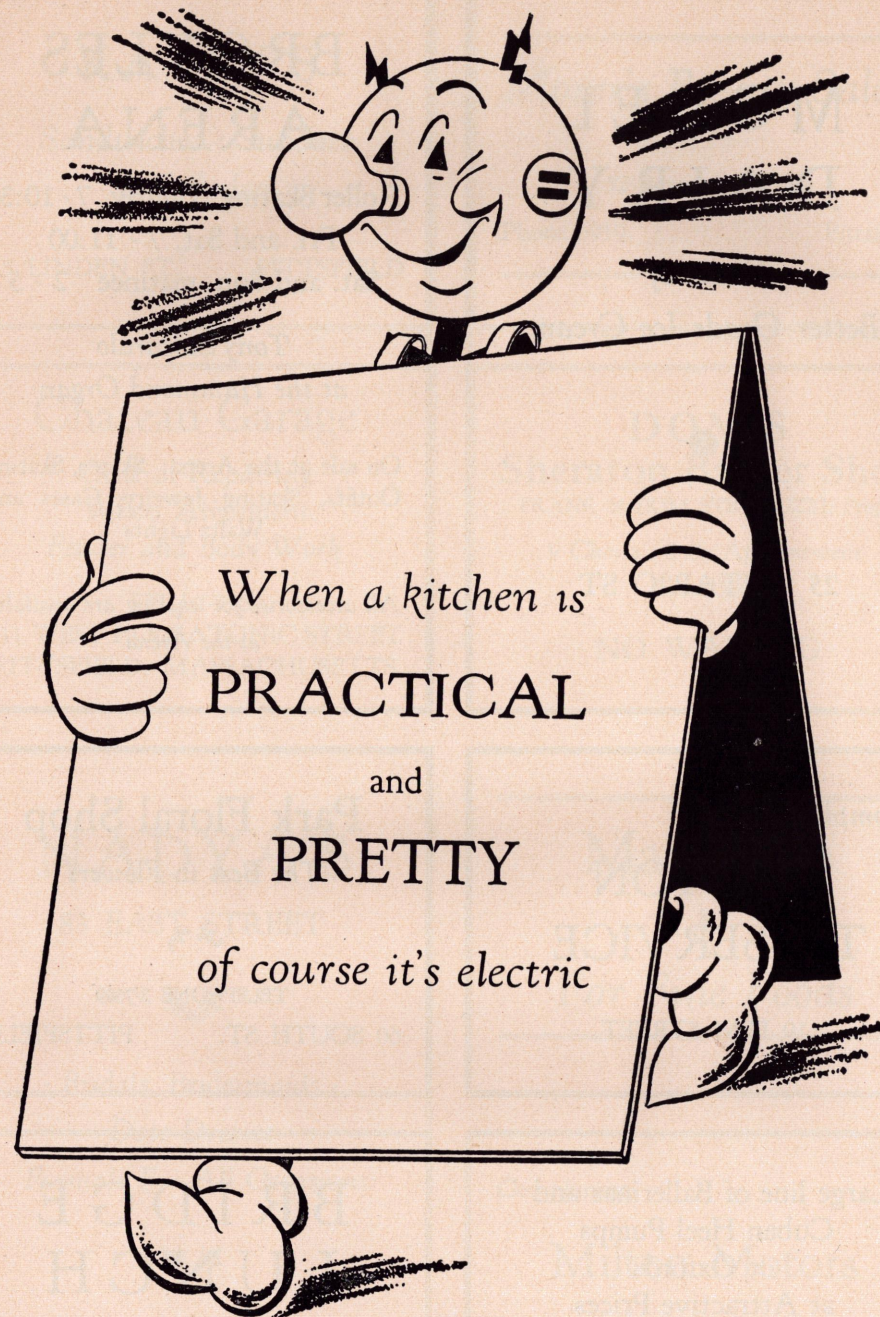
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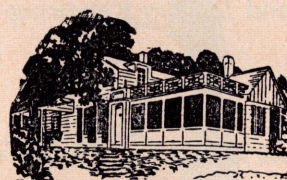


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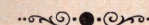
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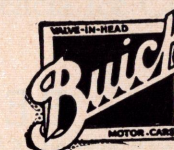
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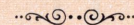
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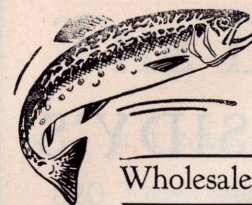
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